

Extracts.

EPIGRAMS.

(From "Epigrammatist," or, "The Curiousities of Epigrammatist.")
 South Abbey is to be found the following
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These walls, adorned with monumental busts
 Show how Bath water serves to lay the dust
 A couple, which reminds us of the Clod-
 temian epitaph:—

How lies I and my three daughters,
 Killed by drinking Cheltenham waters;
 Had we 'stuck to Epsom salts,
 We'd not be lying in these 'ere cafts.

On an Anonymous Man—
 At rest beneath this chureyard stone
 Lies stung Jemmy Wyatt;
 He died one morning just at ten,
 And saved a dinner by it.

From a Welsh Churchyard—
 Life is an inn on a market-day;
 Some short-purged pilgrims, breakfast
 And away;

Some do to dinner sit, and get full,
 And others after supper start to bed;
 I, who am the little who linger out the play,
 The shortest days have the least to pay.

Some years since a Mr. Dickson, who was
 proved of Dundee, in Scotland, died, and he
 will tell the sum of one guinea to a person to
 compose an epitaph upon him; which sum he
 directed his three executors to pay.

The executors, thinking to defraud the poet,
 agreed to meet and share the guinea amongst
 them, each contributing a line to the epitaph,
 which ran as follows:—

Here lies Dickson, Proved of Dundee
 Stood—here lies Dickson, Proved of Dundee
 The third was put to it for a long time,
 but unwilling to lose his share of the guinea,
 vociferously bawled out:—

Halloo! halloo! halloo!
 From Marshall Churchyard—
 Remember me as you pass by:
 As you are now so once was I.
 As I am now, so you must be,
 Therefore prepare to follow me.

Underneath these lines some one wrote in
 line pen:—
 To follow you I'm not content,
 Unless I know which way you went.

From Houghton Churchyard, Hunts—
 My sledge and hammer he declined,
 My bellows too, have lost their wind;
 My vice is spent, my force decayed;
 My view is on the dust all laid;

My sledge is spent, my iron gone,
 My bellows too, have lost their wind;
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On an Italian—
 I was well,
 I wished to be better,
 Took physic and died!

On a London Cook—
 Puss to his Habbies
 meaning of course,
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From a tombstone in Ireland—
 Here lies the body of John Munn,
 Went at six, and never home.

From a Cemetery near Cincinnati—
 Here lies
 who came to this city and died
 for the benefit of his health.

Patrick O'Brien was one day strolling
 with a friend through a graveyard, when his
 eye was arrested by an epitaph which shocked
 his sense of propriety and veracity; it
 run thus:—

Weep not for me, my children dear;
 I am not dead, but sleeping here.
 "We" and "Faddy" if I was dead I
 should be honest enough to own it."

From a Scotch Graveyard—
 Here lies
 his wife was Maudie Dowrie;
 he lost his life, as market night,
 By his 'n' off his govie.

From Upton-on-Severn, Gloucestershire—
 Beneath this stone, in hope of Zion,
 Duth lies the husband of the Lion.
 His son here lies, the business still
 bequeathed unto the heavenly will.

As an advertisement this is very good,
 but the American epitaph, on Mrs. Smith,
 does the advertising business more effectively.

Here lies Jane Smith, wife of Thomas Smith,
 married on the 1st of January, 1873, and
 died on the 1st of January, 1873, at the age
 of 25 years.

From Carmarthen Churchyard—
 The old man, we all agree,
 Was dead the young, was plainly seen,
 He died in time and took for Grace,
 This world is no abiding place.

From the same place. On Thomas
 Hughes, writer:—
 Having served for many
 Years in this country, and
 In the spot his body lies,
 In the country, truly.

From Wrexham Churchyard—
 Born in America, in Europe bred,
 In Africa travelled, and in Asia wed.
 From Wrexham Churchyard—
 As you are in health, and spirits gay,
 I was, too, the other day;
 I thought myself of life as safe
 As those that need my epitaph.

From Wrexham Churchyard—
 Here lies five babes and children dear,
 Three at Wrexham, and two here.

Women sometimes wish for an opportunity
 to be revenged on their husbands. As an
 example of this we may relate that the wife of
 a man named Baldwin, of Lymington,
 Hampshire, had made a vow "to dance over
 his grave" if he had not lived happily
 together. To do this, she engaged Baldwin
 to special instructions that his body should
 be sunk in the sea, in Scotland's Bay, off
 the Needles, Isle of Wight; and it appears
 his body was so disposed of on the 20th May,
 1786, as the parochial register of Lymington
 records.

THE CHINESE IN AMERICA.
 If ever there is a study which repays one,
 it is to learn of this curious people, who, trans-
 planted from their native land, are trying
 in this foreign land to prove the customs of
 their country. Meeting with many diffi-
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 they still succeed in maintaining their own "Joss
 House," their own theatre, and in not mixing
 at all with the white race. There are, at
 present, more than twelve thousand in San
 Francisco. Although they are largely mono-
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 country keeps the average very nearly
 the figures stated. They swarm in the
 section around Sacramento Street and are
 scattered throughout the city. For the most
 part, they are sober, kind, and submissive,
 and in certain places they are exceedingly
 valuable as servants. It is the custom here
 to hire a Chinaman as chambermaid, and
 your cook let "John," who—arrayed in neat
 blue tunic, with pigtail, black and neatly
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 signs over little doors for dishwashers, and
 upon which is printed "High Lane Wash-
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 whom will come for your linen, and return
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 They are addicted to gambling, but their
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 sits at the head of a long table, before him
 a large heap of checks or chips, round, with a
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 up, and laid away nearer the center of the
 table. Upon the left of the umpire sits the
 banker, who now wagers something from his
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 Some one of the crowd now wagers as much
 money as the banker against him. If any
 other one bets, then the banker must advance
 the same amount; the money being laid
 upon a little board marked odd or even.
 The customers use representatives of money;
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Insurances.

QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY.

FROM and after this date, and until further
 notice, the following rates of insurance will
 be charged for SHORT PERIOD
 insurances, viz:—
 Not exceeding Ten days 1/2 of the annual rate
 Above 1 month, and not 3 months 1/3 do.
 Above 3 months, and not 6 months 1/4 do.
 Above 6 months, and not 12 months 1/5 do.
 Above 12 months the full annual rate.

EDWARD NORTON & Co.,
 Agents,
 1174 25th June, 1873.

THE UNDERSEA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
 Agents for the above Company, are appointed
 First to the extent of \$50,000 on Buildings, or
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